

# The Saturday Gazette.

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[The following wonderful narrative of the course of a young lady in fashionable life, by Miss Aymar, is one of her best stories. It will be continued in successive numbers till complete, and cannot fail to interest all our readers, especially the ladies.—Ed.]

## The Girl of the Period.

BY MISS A. AYMAR.  
Miss J. C. Hathorn.

Well let me see now, if I can remember—I was born in the forties, the month of December, and where my tale opens was just, well—nearly two thousand to dress on—reported a queen. By the thousand young men who carry lead pencils around in their pockets, and such like utensils, in recording at balls what priced silk I wore, and whether I walked or sat down by the door, *Par parenthèse*, I declare, 'tis a shame how many a time they have murmured my name, and put the initials in each other's places.—And then, oh, men die! they're such judges of lace. That I long since abandoned all sorts but the real, just because these reporters know such a great deal, and will insist in their little conceits, in noting my "lance," as well as decorations. Well, all of this weak-eyed and learned brotherhood, set me down for a fortune—'twas well understood that I dressed a marvel, and was just the best catch that any poor devil could wish for a match. But my goodness gracious! they knew not the screws, the pinches and poms, the fast and the loose, that worried my soul out and gave me red eyes. That ever money's the young head that lies under the weight of a fashionable name, nor how papa's pocket was often to blame—because he, poor man—I declare, 'tis a shame to let out the family secrets this way—because he, just sometimes you see could not pay. And many's the fatal, mysterious bill, that dear papa has met very much "against his will."

**SCHOOL DAYS.**  
I believe till the age of eleven, no more, my scope was confined to the nursery floor, with the waltzers for gambols about in the parks, while the head-mistress and nursery-maid revolved in lurks. At that mature age I was sent to school, just up-stairs a way, where the waltzers were the rule. Down on the list that my parents inspected each fortnight, and thereon, as Madame expected, inscribed their two names—Miss—Mr. and Mrs. Leonidas Leonard—and gave me two kisses.

In token of sweet and parental approval, and that Miss Grace would not suffer removal from under the large and magnificent wing, of Madame de Lancy's famed seat of learning, *En bas*, on this list, I repeat, there was printed Geography, Spelling and Latin was listed; History, Arithmetic, Spanish and French, and German and drawing, intended to wrench my good temper and teeth out, at any cost. And writing, and two or three other quite lost accomplishments. After that every day—(To be sure it was done in a very mild way), I practised piano, and twice in the week, Herr Gabelius came and looked very meek, and gave me a lesson, and then after him, Signor Capelli to teach me to sing.

Professor John Stone with his Indian Clubs—And there—I saw mamma take wine syllabubs. Madame kept a school where the young ladies were taught not only learning but modest behavior, that is to say, that twice every fortnight Madame gave a story, the special delight of all her young pupils, their friends and their mothers. Her friends and acquaintances—a half score of others. Young men that Madame had picked up in the world, when she moved in great splendor; whose looks were like sunset clouds, and whose lace pocket-handkerchiefs smelt of sweet things. And on whose small fingers there sparkled great rings. They were mostly young men from that island so far, Ever faithful, and known to the world as Cuba! Where there the Darwinian theory can be understood.

Better than here, on account of the blood, which seems to sear most of these coal-eyed young men. (With a new mild expression one finds now and then). To have just the wariest, bluest, black hair, and mouths that approach very near to that rare exhibition of fulness, and purplish-blue, red, which we good Americans, early are bred, To regard as the natural and ancestral features of the children of Africa. But this dear creature affirmed that these youths would teach the girl's manners!

And per consequens, she flung wildly her banners, And opened her doors, and marshalled her girls, To the young men from Cuba with suspicious curia. There, at those *soirées* we danced and we sang, We flirted and waltzed, and talked rather slang, And dressed—oh, my soul in the lap of the fashion. I remember, my costume aroused a great passion of anger and jealousy, in the young broads of most of Madame's lovely imagined guests. Beside all the dolls and studies at school I drove in the parks when the mornings were cool.

And I went to Jerome's and learned the can-can, And twice in the week, I went and ran round the aristocratic bow-ring, at the corner of thirty-third street, and made many a mourner

Among my relations—the whole of 'em swore I'd break my white neck in some final endeavor, To clear a five bar without due preparation. But my goodness me! they'd enough reparation, I did break my neck and laid in the bed For two months and more, till I thought I'd be dead.

Beside all these things, when each Summer came round, I was taken to Rye Beach to bathe in the Sound.

**"COMING OUT."**  
At last at, well,—thirteen, I told mamma roundly, I would study no more, and she scolded me soundly!

But then in the end, she confessed I was right. Burst into tears, and said, "child leave my sight!" I heard my fond parent wall loudly and long, I heard her repeat, as if chorus to song, "A daughter grown-up and I'll have to resign The scepter of bellehoo, and teach her to shies!"

For mamma had been a great light in her way. But I'm sure, for this many, and many a day She'd put all her faith in Maria and Rachel, Who held her completion, just in a nut-shell. It pained me a little—I was quite foolish then To think of mamma's giving up all the men Just for me; but I thought—very foolishly too—That a limited number for mamma would do. While I might rejoice in the set that was young, With plenty of muscle, and money, and lung. But dear mamma stood it, and as to papa That I was "grown-up," and that (tr-la-la!) How I danced and capered when I heard her say!

"Once must be presented in just such a way—Bedding our wealth, and my social position." My always made papa aware of her "mission!" It had been, to give papa a social connection With a breed, on whose seal, the merest reflection Of baroness, or malice, or money, or crime, Had never yet settled, since long-ago time—When all in a ship that got lost in the sea, The only two saved, were not leaves of this tree. Whose latest fair branch was my beautiful mother.

When, on some "accidents," had seen better to smother Fine family feelings, and a right rampant rose, And marry my pa with a *retrousse* nose. Papa, I remember, spoke vaguely of "money!" He said it was short, but *show* mamma's honey, Soon put to flight any such foolish ideas—And, although I heard that we were in arrears With Birchenham the butcher, and Smithers for ice, And that "come next week," was a played-out device.

Mamma forthwith ordered a splendid collation; While I knew but one word, and that "invite—tion!" We asked just eight hundred no more and no less; And I'm sure I've asked many who never could guess, Which season? Where ever they'd met "Mrs. Leonard!"

For one I'm positive, Frederick Leonard, Was unknown to mamma, and that only to Brown, Was his residence evident, or where in town He slept, for we all knew he dined At the St. Nicholas, and that he lived At Delmonico's café. But every one came, Eight hundred precisely of *crème de la crème*!

I stood by mamma at the head of the hall (On account of the crush, we had hired a hall). Mamma wore a satin of richest light blue, And she'd spend just two days on the hair of her face And two or three more, on the tint of her face. Laid by mamma as I told you before, And just behind, opened a great folding door—And hundreds of vases of exotic flowers. While I dreamed that all beauty and blisses were ours.

I wore on the great and momentous occasion—Which I firmly determined should be an invasion, On hearts and on purses, on young men and old, Whether *Miss* or *frank*, whether timid or bold—I wore, I repeat it, a robe cut en train, Of rose pink silk velvet my hair also mane, Adorned with my back in a reckless confusion. Hopped with moss-roses and gems in profusion. My boots were of velvet, the shade of my dress. And the heels were, so high that I stood in distress. Let at each new arrival, whose bow I returned, I should fall over foremost, and justly have earned.

"Because my dear Grace,"—mamma, now and then, Gave me maxims to follow in dealing with men. "Because, my dear child, there's nothing like feeding, For causing the men to show out their breeding! Just give them, and dine them, and right well I know, You'll not lack attention, or ever a beau!"

The table extended the length of the room, A dais of silver, and crystal, and bloom; There were chickens, and turkeys, and capons, and game, And pheasants, and pigeons, and birds without name; There were soups, and *consommés*, and jellies and ices, And cakes in all manners, and shapes, and devices.

We had all sorts of wine, both lively and quiet, And quite enough cognac to cause a small riot. "Among some of our guests, who grew rather excited Up in the card-room, and ere things were righted, I faltered. Mamma, at the first shouts above, Had whispered, "Grace faint, 'tis your duty to leave!"

With young d'Or there, standing just close by your side, I'll show sensibility, and then beside, There is nothing like causing a little sensation." So backward I fell, but with one observation—That the next time, I hoped it would not be in fate. To be told to "get faint," in such a flushed state. D'Or picked me up with those sweet airs and graces. Which are the distinctive of all Latin races. He laid me down gently with tender regard, For the length of my train and the twist of my girdle. He gave me some wine and held my *Bouquet*, Touched my hair lightly, and then turned away. For just then, I thought I might open my eyes, (Then I wasn't quite "up" in society lies.) The disturbance was quelled by the aid of police, And we danced on till daylight, in joy and in peace.

Young d'Or had requested, with oh, such a smile, If I would allow him to come and beguile My morning at home with some light conversation? He'd teach me his French and I—oh, adoration, I'd teach him my English. His being instructive, Ma thought at the time, that it might be productive. Of something more serious. Ma was in favor Of all early marriages—"child, never waver! Should one that is wealthy, a young man or old, To his at home, I or a wife come make bold, He'd not a moment, but fast let him feel. That you years for him only, and his special weal."

So dear Ma gave permission, As dear d'Or had position. And money and lands in *chère la belle France*; And d'Or—well, he pleased me, and knew how to dance. D'Or was a foreigner, and I adore them! (When a page hears he declares "I abhor them!" D'Or doted on me, and thought *Blanche de la Tour*, A great deal too fat, and as much too demure. So, this I was launched on the fashionable ocean, Mamma for the rudder and d'Or for devotion—Pa for the bills, and La Rue for the dresses—And *Blanche*'s white pounds for my only distresses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
**The School Girl's Stratagem.**  
BY MISS H. R. BARR.

"I declare, Kate, this monotonous life is insupportable!" exclaimed a boarding-school miss as she flung her self upon the bed. "I shall positively die if I don't have some change soon—some excitement to stir up my blood! An't you sick of this treadmill existence?"

"Stick unto death!" was the answer of a young girl who was braiding her beautiful light hair before the mirror. "O, for one evening in society!" "Or one nice little flirtation; how I should enjoy it! What new life it would infuse into me!"

"Flirtation; alas, with these strict rules and watchful teachers they are pleasures we may dream of, but not enjoy!"

"It is six months since I've had a chat with a gentleman." "And so much longer than that since I've had, that I have lost my reckoning entirely. I declare I shall forget how to converse before long."

"If we only had a more agreeable physician I would really have a fit of illness by way of pastime. What do you say to it?"

"Capital! only that cross old bear of a Doctor H—, with his creaky boots, and cracked voice, and his dictatorial way of speaking; I can't endure him."

"How I wish Miss—would employ his nephew, Dr. T—!" "Catch her doing that! I'd be sick on the instant if there was hope of it."

"O, Kate, I have capital news for your private ear!" said Emma the next day. "A secret! quick, then, I'm dying with impatience."

"As you value your life don't let it reach Miss—'s ears."

"A very useful caution, truly! Of course I'll run and tell her."

"Tell her what?" laughed Emma. "Why, the secret."

"But you haven't it yet."

"No, nor you either."

"Yes, but I have, though; just listen they say that old Dr. K— has left town for a week or so that his nephew may get into practice. Nobody is to know that he is away, and when sent for Dr. T— is to obey the summons, and by his address and skill induce

patients to send for him next time."

"O, Em, I feel so ill!" said Kate languidly, leaning her head upon her hand.

Emma flew to her side, "what is it? How pale you are!"

"Ha, ha, ha, I was only practicing. Do you think Miss—would be taken in by it?"

"Yes, indeed; only try."

"But you must follow suit."

"Certainly; you shall have the honor of being first attacked, though."

"Ding, ding," went the tea bell, and youthful forms bounded along the passages while dignified teachers walked with measured pace into the dining-room.

"Miss Kate—shall I send you tea or milk to-night?" No answer, and the question was repeated. Then Kate looked up, and, putting her hand to her head, said, "I wish nothing; can I be excused from table?"

"Are you sick?"

"Not much," was the truthful answer, as she rose and walked slowly out of the room.

"She looked faint," remarked one of the teachers.

"May I go with her?" asked Emma half rising; but Miss—only answered, and the question was repeated. Then Kate looked up, and, putting her hand to her head, said, "I wish nothing; can I be excused from table?"

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## General News.

AMHERST COLLEGE is raising a fund for the establishment of an art gallery.

THE natives of India call the railroad the iron river.

APPLES are \$25 a barrel in San Antonio, Texas, while beef can be bought for two cents a pound.

THE translation of the Bible into the Sanscrit, the sacred language of India, has just been completed by a German missionary.

SWIFT believed that no person in conversation should talk over half a minute, without pausing, and giving others a chance to strike in.

IN Scotland, one young man to every thousand of the population goes to college; in Germany, one to every 2,800; in England, one to every 5,800.

## Children.

"Heaven lies about our infancy," says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

## Children.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose though without a noise.

## Children.

When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that little circumstances and the material world make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

## Children.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busy the whole acts, with its